

XP Wired

TEEN DREAM or NIGHTMARE?

Church and an escape abroad



**+ Our 6 Point Plan for Better
Zines**

AND where YOU can fit!

**Work 4 Work, Dole 4 Dole, Nothing
for Nothing?**

BELONG & HOPE

Our blank spaces

Cross Wires Social Planning Institute ID Phase October 2017



Our 6 point plan for better zines and better communities

• Better phrasing

“We’re building a house” vs. “We’re getting people to build a house for us”

“They got murdered/killed/raped” vs.
“Somebody murdered/killed/raped them”

“God/capitalism/isms created my situation” vs.
“This happened because [name/s] chose/did [thing/s] because [possible reasons based on history of specific people concerned] which are *in part* connected to culture and situations created by [ism]”

• More different adjectives and descriptors

Quasi-awe-inspiring
Conductive (a la Mat Hew)
Flash-drive (as in it's very flash-drive)
Hard drive
More suggestions, anybody? Direly needed.

• ... Finish the good stuff you start

• More music

• Leaving the house more

• Get stuff from other people

• 7. Break the rulez

Fill the gaps: an uneasy brainstorm

Simplists: No politics. Less words. No entrepreneurs, just thinking about (blank) eternities more than panicked futures, modern minus the big ideologies. Just humble houses, a science institute, places to hang out, no ambition. Like buddhism, a bit, except reality is defiantly real and it's outer peace (and outer space) that's the object & non-cooptable by rich people.

Alt-alt-mega-right: Mega corporations competing in mega-malls for big money is the game here. They gaze over mall balconies in their cleaner's uniforms, proud of the integrity of their company and their higher-up-up-up-up boss in his helicopter. He doesn't see the sweatshops, the identity crises, the environmental abuses, or the relative semi-sleepwalk state he is dimly conscious of being in through his alt-music, but he okay, and hopes, believes, that the whole world will share in his fast food lunch break. Everybody belongs, so long as you can work and buy. What a privilege, he thinks, being able to sacrifice some minimum wage to theoretically siphon the trickle down to some other underling. Food court fountain cents. He is helping The Economy grow, with the wise benevolence of the Masses. It is fine and beautiful to be Just Alive, to witness the splendour of distant others. He heads to the gym, and wonders why the other protesters look so dirty.

Being here's all you really need, if you just Believe (Cher). Do what you feel like. All frivolous anyway. Drown dissent in a Ray of Light (Madonna). Sex Pistols mashup if you want - show that Illuminati, CIA, Monsanto, Bohemian Groovers, UN's, leftist adgendes who's boss over a cultural authority like the queen first,

then level up (if necessary or possible). Bottom feeders know nothing and start small – it's common sense. And exactly the way it should be, with things the way they are, milkshake in hand.

Alt-social-democrat: Proposes the public discussion of a comprehensive strategy to construct an alternative to the current state of social, recreational and employment arrangements rather than taking a side to spar about divisive issues. This takes a lot of effort.

For instance, prints a poster at least somewhat appealing to (imagined) intelligence and shared values of the left and right alike, rather than chucking rainbows or slogans everywhere. The social democrat becomes *alt* by nurturing an old-fashioned, but idiosyncratic aesthetic distinct from slick info-graphics and condescending documentaries. They consider the public's lack of intellectual confidence, perpetual distraction, presumptuous over-certainty, or, cynicism, but choose to ignore it. They are not smart-arse, they are not sterile recluses or robot politicians; they try to have *character* somehow.

[insert person or idea]-agitator etc: Proposed terms to replace the '-phobe' suffice and 'racism' and 'sexism'. These words take the emphasis away from emotions and make actions and results the focus.

Phobophile, or phobophobe: They obsess about phobias of the social kind.

Femino-chivalry: An approach to feminist goals that designates men a role in sticking up for women, against bad guys – in a smart way. That sounds a bit patriarchal, but everyone's a good 'Dad'. They'll tell you how it is, where the big bad guys are, but they won't blame you if you get hurt, and they'll take away a portion of what's called emotional labour, the mental load, of figuring out what to do about unsafe or condescending spaces. See, they won't 'mainsplain', they won't cower away from having an opinion like a child and pretend that they really *are* a bunch of clumsy, wounded brutes and that they're *so sorry*, they'll be interested in public safety and health care and not wasting

human potential. The crucial thing here is in not making your fatherly protection an entrenched position or trade-off. Likewise for the motherliness needed to calm the alienated, frustrated and stigmatised men. Also, in not really being about 'feminism', but a common sense egalitarianism. It's about power, after all. Big vs. small bodies. Women looking after women, sticking together, by their logic, should protect and advocate for children in the same way. Ohhh that sounds very conservative. A lot of it is, very damn conservative, come to think of it. Drink your tea, write sardonic articles (a la Reductress.com), drink your tea, sit around with Marj, Beatrice and Mary to cackle and bemoan your husbands, same-same but public? Form the Women's Society Against, whatever cause might strike your fancy like the animals, community arts, women's health etc? Instead of running after the odd woman out, the alleged town whore with dusters, tea towels, brooms, who hangs her sexy pantaloons in full view and wears ankle length skirts, cause she's disturbing the balance, say FUCK MEN and follow her lead, scratching, glaring, competing with all on one hand and throwing a fist in the air for WOMEN with the other. Or, leaving her the fuck alone. Or,, catching every cheating man stealth mode – or roaming packs. Or everybody as equals and adults decides on a common standard of conduct & justice, esewing factions, just sit down why don't you and take turns? What a cruel social ecology.

Democratic Institute for Cultural Guidelines:

Here's the adjunct media and education authority. They formulate a law-like set of guidelines for social function and signifying styles which are enforceable only by snubbing, striking, boycotting, or calling somebody a dickhead. The are utterly unambiguous, and designed for the common good, so there is no recourse to ignorance or foggy-headed whining about 'judgment' – only democratic contestation. Never, should the guidelines lead to withholding of food and other necessities, or the right to negotiate a change of consensus. As it stands, social & cultural norms are unclear, ever-changing, context-and-person-specific, irrational and fragmented, regarded with suspicion of top-down influence or unsafe cliquish grassroots under a

fake, “individual choice” banner. Self-advocacy here, in this system, would not be just about yourself, and “freedom”. It's about continually monitoring the meanings of every gesture, every symbol, every social space and so on, and communicating it's agreed meaning to the public, so we know exactly what we are doing. Well beyond simply telling people what to do a la fashion magazines and ethics blogs. Trust DICG will form guidelines based on models of social harmony, and give you a space to contest them. You are DICG, with people smart and dedicated enough to catalogue every 'issue' and feeling, every standard suggested by every social segment, every deviant – letting you know what all kinds of people are about, and suggesting ways to reduce uncertainty, without creating a 'one size fits all', 'one set identity for each person' command. You have some kind of signifier of a citizenship, indicating common knowledge of the law and convention.

For example, it may be *decided* that a floral dress with a straw hat on a date *now* indicates that you wish to be treated very old-fashioned and like a potential child-bearing wife, while nightclub attire indicates that you don't mind fucking a stranger blackout drunk. Perhaps those outfits didn't necessarily mean those things beforehand (and they still wouldn't, intrinsically) but they would represent an informed decision, to DICG subscribers. Are you a subscriber? Can I see your badge thingo? Ah yeah now I know what you want – won't get you mixed up with someone naïve or with foreign standards. You can also retract your subscription at any time (eg. Walking home, being ambiguous & exploratory), but if you don't, you can't complain about being solely a victim later on – you helped make the culture, you put the uniform and badge on. But, you should tell your change of feelings to the Institute so they might modify their guidelines, considering the variables contributing to your feelings, and tweak things across the board a bit or move something to the 'no' pile, depending. Side effects, success rates, inclusivity, cost? All a big game, balancing social transactions.

Another thing: it is generally a faux-pas to snub non-subscription except in cases where basic, universal politeness and consideration is ignored. You can't snub people for conveying things you

don't understand, or that they don't mean to convey, when it is harmless for them to be at their leisure. Soon enough they'll be catalogued anyhow.

Political generalist/independist, public rent not tax: They believe that specialisations, careers and talents should only be full time in exceptional circumstances. Nobody should *expect* to find a talent or a specialisation that forms their identity. Instead of having a *thing* or *topic*, they have people. Think of some children of doting career-focused parents versus relatively free kids of the neighbourhood or farm, free to be foremost social, or skilled in a general sense. Though they're not given guidance and strategy towards a career, they keep a sense of dignity in any job they have.

Homes could systematically be built to be free of dependence on complex, distant logistics, as much as is possible (but with global free internet), but without the expense and cultural associations of an eco-home or farm house. Then, politics and social life will not be made frantic to such an extent about *the economy* and *bills*, and can be about arranging culture and science that the little person can now pay attention to. Gone: mortgage, private rent, insurance, superannuation. Museum pieces are archives containing very dull and depressing forum pieces, in a simulated home office behind glass where you can watch the 2008 stock market crash, 9/11, scroll through anecdotes of riches-to-rags.

Displacement by outsiders is only feared by the ogres, trolls, cults who hiss at anybody poking their head in – rare reclusives. Their illness won't spread in a secure, well-rounded society. You can leave them alone, I suppose, but it's not good to be greedy, or to suffer alone. You might not survive. You need relationships with others, and space, and diverse stimulation to be absolutely happy, the research says. But you might not want to be that happy – just secure - that's OK. You were raised to choose socialisation like the others but you didn't, so you were born differently somehow, or had some odd experience.

Just remember you're free to choose, because research and distribution models exist, because

people saw mutual benefit more than individual gain. Relative simpletons organised what lets you survive, building on human knowledge from over the world. Don't forget.

At least they won't need to put you in programs, asylums, jails and awkward workplaces anymore. See you when your water tank cracks and your computer dies and some other trolls across the world, even scarier than you, threaten your existence, and you have to call on us.

You're fine – just a bit of civic engagement here and there so we know you're with it, yeah? This is a price we have to pay for keeping social life non-coerced ninety percent of the time. Can't make you do stuff. Just remember your independence and flexibility isn't *you*.

Oh and right now it isn't me (the author), either, and I dunno who can use this knowledge. Who is good and in a position to influence government policy or corporate developers? Or a bunch of people who can be leaders? Anyhow, take note, sinister parties: connect vast spaces with unnecessary interdependence, and disconnect spaces with any substantial cultural, social and intellectual trade. That way, you can just break out the guns if it goes wrong and never have to worry about how little social and cultural prominence you deserve, you Strategist, Gamer, Administrator, Logistic Specialist, Human Resources, seedy sales person... Stick to arts administration. Swiss cheese imports. One-off rainwater tank contracts, NBN projects and emergency repair work. The *actual* emergencies, not the collective pig-headed isolated speculating specialists clashing. Engineering, science, music, architecture, for human problems, like, surviving nature and not overburdening anybody. We'll fuck up this alternative label soon enough, like all the other 'ism's', most likely, but stop your cowardly, cosy taunting.

Vegan expansionists: the only *real* freegans most of the time, given near utter strictness in not buying or endorsing anything that represents captivity and deprivation of potential. Jobs are wrong if you *endure* your job, humans can't *decide* much better than animals. Humans are trained like animals, and have some basic cage accessories but miss out on lots of parts of being human.

If veganism is an introduction to thorough principles of freedom, when and where do we start expanding it? This isn't 'anarchism', or really 'veganism', the former being mainly a badge and the latter being a rigid set of rules – expanded from vegetarianism. Anarchism is an idea, veganism is the practice of many anarchists. Ahh, I feel uncomfortable writing about these labels, it puts you in a box. I'm not that kind of zine.

My *mind*-eggs are being harvested right now. That fact is not as straight-forward to avoid as most other things, though, like the fridge. Boycotting everything but Living On A Prayer right now, including the thought of some earthy dropouts... Boycott stuff that sucks and most overtly represents oppression, which you've figured out more than me, you free-spirits, I mean, you self-disciplining... Oh, how's this work? Bit of back-and-forth, balancing act, and the consumer will eventually skew economic activity towards the – eugh, not ethical – but, good. Bit of work is part of life, like catching a wild pig, but you don't need to catch a pig, you don't need a million pigs, you don't need a lot of slime and Simpsons references (6 o'clock, right after the working day ends) (Lisa Simpson the vegetarian). Complacent kids vs. neo-religious.. Must be a better mix...

I INFANTILISE WOMEN

WAAHHH. I always DO it and I am a girl. Which I'm ALLOWED to do because I'M a girl? WHAA help me! Tell me *I'm* not a ditz! Just need a bit of self-esteem you know. You know, girls? Go girls! You are smart!

No really. It's never to condescend, if I relate something to childhood experience or say it's childlike. It can be an act of mature defiance to preserve a continuity between some aspects of childhood and adulthood. Independence.

PETITION FOR LOCAL PUNKS TO DECORATE NEWSTEAD



A report by the local Commission Against Yuppies has determined that subcultural presence is limited in these new vertical, cultural-desert suburbs, and that one solution to this marginalisation would be to turn the 'gasworks' sign into 'assworks' and cover it with toilet paper. That way, the working class heritage of the site would be acknowledged in a grassroots fashion counterpoising the existing historical information on the now gentrified, formerly grisly industrial site. Local ratbags are yet to comment on this suggestion. Renters and original residents in the exorbitantly priced area are expected to approve of and slightly benefit from these initiatives as with a bit of roughing up, the green parklands and new constructions might resemble social housing blocks/commie blocks, and become priced accordingly.

FIRST WORLD PROBLEMS

You fucking reptile, you've got your food, your rock, shut up. "MEEE!-- HSSSSSS..." SHUT UP. YOUR FINE. SIT ON YOUR ROCK.

WFTD WTF

I knew a guy who got sent to a men's toilet block to sort out the piles of trash they were keeping there, big towers of boxes in shower cubicles and general decay. He was left there for three hours by himself, given no instructions of what to keep and throw out, and ended up getting sick. On top

of that, all he could hear from this dingy toilet block was a mentally disabled group making constant noise, and a group of kids on a tennis court he was told not to interact with (no blue card), and one of them ran up to give him a hug. Eventually he went to find the coordinator and all the women were sitting in a computer lab with tea and biscuits. They told him they were "jobbing", and the coordinator/supervisor had left. Bus, train, then bus home. Lodged a formal complaint, which even the job centre said was valid.

WFTD WTF 2: REPUBLIC OF HILLSONG

"Now we're going socialist in our thinking..." said the coordinator chatting to his curious 'volunteer', though the young woman couldn't quite tell because she was zoning out, having just about revolutionised her sleeping patterns to comply with Work For The Dole. She was in an office to the side of a small, largely empty hall with "The Hope Space" written on it, not too aesthetically different from the average job centre. "It's good that these people can do something to help other people, you know".

The space was said to be rented *from* the church, but the charity program was run *by* the church, a twin of Hillsong, aesthetically, culturally and theologically. It resembled the same church the young woman had been made to attend for all her teenage years, and had stopped attending. Now she was a 'volunteer', placed by the Job Centre. 10 years ago, she didn't spend enough time volunteering learning the coffee machine or attending Business Heroes or Youth Fire meetings (or whatever they were called), and she was sent back, subsidised by the government, to get the cultural capital needed for employment.

Turns up first of the group in rusting 90s hatchback, that she used to lie in after church ten years ago picking apart a polystyrene coffee cup, glancing at the church entrance for her parents to emerge. Sometimes you'd get caramel slices. Two things she recalls with warmth (albeit an almost sickly, Stockholm Syndrome one): sunny industrial complexes with paring, free and convenient! Free snacks, general cleanness and civility. Be polite, wipe the dust off after.

Every smart-arse derro who spent too much time on the Internet was now in this computer lab, putting together packages for the homeless, as it was, or low income people, as it has now expanded, and we will get a pack each on completion of the project. The packs will contain basic urban survival items, such as socks and wet wipes (the young woman's suggestions). The bags will be backpacks, as the obese, bespectled, most vocal contributor had decided, and the bags should not be brightly coloured and/or very nice to attract theft, as the boss above the coordinator decided – or they should have fluoro patches on them for some kind of visibility thing. It was unclear to the woman if he was joking, but it occurred to her that, there might be some way to constructively bring up the idea that people should have choice and dignity, rather than picturing an underclass in urban camo like a traffic cone that says “WARNING, AVOID”. Make existing in the street convenient and unobtrusive – for everyone else. The congregation of the church would be presented with a sample, and judge if it were something donation-worthy.

The 'work day' for this project evidenced perhaps the truest 'worksite' qualifying for Work For The Dole that fits the official term, 'work-like activities'. The young woman felt lucky. Plus, she was very interested in helping the unfortunate. She wrote a 5 page public, open edit document on google docs speculating about possible pack contents, systemic causes of homelessness, specific financial and social burdens contributing to housing insecurity and the possibility of the church leveraging numbers and resources to advocate for a political solution. Complained with the others about unemployment stigma, being forced to aid a religious agenda, and the tokenistic nature of donating a shampoo bottle when you've got like 3 investment properties. She said, these were good people, but complacent and conservative.

Nobody likes to be taken advantage of in charity. She alternated between them and the coordinator's office, wandering and bored. “The nature of the relationship is, might just be cynical, a lot of the time, on both sides, cause the person serving thinks they'll take advantage, and the other person thinks there's ulterior motive...”

And there was. The coordinator said they had an idea of shampoo refills, talking at length, as he is prone, in his calm but taut way. “...” “...But what after that? What kind of social integration?” He said, “Well, some people just come for the social aspect, they're coming in to church, keeping contact with us...” They discussed the church's role in charity, and in politics. He said, a group comes in here that are delinquents, basically (without using that word). Disengaged, and/or have learning difficulties. Aha, the kind of integration they want is so specific, conformity-inducing.

“The church needs to...” She said, staring to the side, lack of adequate sleep and possible autism getting to her. “...They should, hold other people... Other groups, institutions accountable... The church tries to do everything, but, they can't, I mean they know they can't... I mean, like that program, there's stuff that should be the government's role, like the church leaders could say something to the Department of Education...” For a moment, she thought that he might have said that *he* had been getting more socialist in his thinking lately. But he also might have said, “We are getting too socialist”. He was hard to read. He too, had been in Work For The Dole, had grown up in Toowoomba, and had worked as a school chaplain. He had a healthy, pale face and shy but rambling demeanour. Introduced with photocopy forms, emotionless, gentle, neoliberal sounding filler about being self-responsible, him not being a slave driver, but not wanting kindness to be taken advantage of. He explained layers of bureaucracy, what we had to do if we were sick, and so on. Free online courses, free safety certificate, and a personality quiz. I imagined he was his own kind of internet casualty, Christian Forums, perhaps? A reserved IT genius secretly gathering our data? Masking real agenda with a slathering of neutral rationality?

He was glad somebody was interested, he said. It was hard to ascertain his intelligence or his real sympathies. Normcore appearance. Are people in ACC (Austalian Christian Churches, formerly Assemblies of God) all crinkly-nosed at socialism, the cold, sterile ring of *secular humanism*... Stark, red, brutalist architecture, strict cultural curation, notional equality...



Later on the last day, the participants cleaned the hall. The young woman and a young, quiet man in the same navy vintage sports shirt, who would look in place in a British indie rock band if he were not extremely obese and had sat reading text-based forums and articles with earphones without moving, and a young man with a black beanie pulled over his eyebrows and straight, shoulder length hair, walked to the stark white tiled entrance of the church for a bucket.

Had not talked to either of them, but she said, "It's funny, how these people look exactly like the church my parents took me to, like all the clothes..." Beanie guy was friendly, said there was hot chicks but there's no point talking to 'em. Said you'd be surprised, and he said maybe in youth group. "They're all cold dickheads to me," he said, maybe, and "Weird seeing a place so clean as that, thought pride was a sin?" "So's slavery," she replied, aware of how brittle the friendly exchanges felt. "Thought the Christians abolished slavery. Now it's, Work For The Dole slaves..." Ah, yeah, not entirely accurate claim. "I dunno..."

Beanie guy's BMX bike was inside. It had one fat

purple tyre. The big guy was still quiet, but seemed cool. Sat, and sat, last one there, on the computer, as she mopped around his feet. She thought about how maybe, if she did that enough days, around him would be an accumulated circle of crumbs and dust and it would be endearingly joked about by the whole group. Ha, Kevin's space. Everyone would be friends. But that might not even be funny, and it seems vaguely mean spirited. He also looks quite respectable. The other obese man might better fit the nerd stereotype, with his glasses, loose pants, chin and mouth-breathing, but he doesn't deserve a joke either. The delight of the space being like a real life cartoon, a Damo and Darren exploitation's a bit hollow.

Though, they would make good cartoon characters. Wish here was a group photo. The guy in the corner of the lab, surrounded by used tissues, in shorts and raggy clothes who she'd spotted walking into the kitchen and toilets without his thongs on alarmed her slightly. He'd sat a bit further away at the end of the two demountable tables during the 'meeting', picked at skin around his forearm and mumbled disgruntled questions like, "...Is this even under social security law like we have to come in nn this time n'..." Bare feet, slovenly posture. This guy looks fucked. We're discussing how to help the homeless and he looks actually dragged off the street. "Do I have to do anything, I'm not really part of it, I'm finishing up in a week..." "You are part of it," the co-ordinator said. Later I noticed he was playing Half Life 2 the whole day. He'd weigh in to political discussions randomly, reminding me of that cereal guy MS paint meme, and seemed like he knew the nuances of tax law & explained them very snottily. General consensus in the group was, the rich suck. Half Life guy's Dad knows all about the tax stuff, like offsetting to blah blah, getting it back on X something, etc. etc. so they don't even pay tax, somehow. Also, negative gearing.

The guy who looked like he could be a Nazi was alright, too (didn't judge, could've just been a metalhead or biker). See, he said, society sees him as a parasite when he's worked 30 years, paid tax and wants \$10000 back to keep him alive in between jobs. We agreed that, we'd attempt to put LGBTI housing services in the

booklet we were designing and if the Christian higher-ups didn't let it in there, it'd be against some law or principle because it's a taxpayer-funded operation. Half Life guy broke his silence again with another stream of disgruntled recollections, "*We don't even have a bill of rights in Australia, they won't do anything..*" etc. Back to Half Life 2.

The young woman was in a room of *internet casualties*, she half snickered. She'd overheard them talking about porn and cats on the internet. Another young man had his head on the table and looked depressed. She reminded him of her internet friend, with his scruffy-neat, dark, smart clothes. He probably grew up on Interpol too. He had actually done some competent research on homeless services, earphones in and silent. Nobody shook hands, nobody said hello or goodbye, and nobody introduced anybody to each other unless strictly necessary for the functioning of the 'workplace'. Except for her, and the only other girl who lingered talking to her for a bit & joked about wanting to get an office puppy, with pseudo-Nazi.

The coordinator made everybody take a personality quiz. It said the young woman was an extrovert, an ENFP. Intuitive, Feeling and Perceiving as opposed to Sensing, Thinking and Judging. There were about three other obvious extroverts in the class. She thought of how she used to be an introvert, and perhaps was still quite introverted, but told the quiz she preferred parties over books and did not find it hard to introduce herself to people. It was more, she had logically figured out, or accepted in reading, that life's meaning was created with social interaction, beginning from when you are born. And, you can't think logically, neutrally without motivations arising from emotion-driven interaction. You learn from other people, and, learn logic and it's uses from other people, unless you're a greedy and clever little baby using it for yourself. Which is still emotionally-driven, even if not so much on a social plane.

Questions like, "logic versus. Values" or, "not upsetting people versus. Being right" depend the easiest recalled scenarios built up in the respondent's head. Such as, working as a scientist, or a mediator, or trying to counter the

emotions and anxieties associated with a church environment by being rational. Either: you squash aberrant feelings because the church works as a rational model for smooth social functioning, or, you dismiss church as a lot of emotionally-driven, manipulative, fanatical nonsense. It's absurd that there should be 'logical' versus. 'feeling' types. At least, it feels absurd. No, no, it doesn't feel like anything. It is logically absurd. I am 'INTP'? Who cares.

The church is a great big neat structure, from the outside, and you are the messy little guy, outside the structure. A messy little spider, adaptable, swinging around, flirting with another big neat web (welfare state and ideological supports) beside, and occasionally crossing over or under, the neat web with the shiny blue and white spider family all arranged around one big one in the middle, a slightly smaller female beside it, and slightly smaller ones arranged in a neat circle, with baby spiders in the gaps below each set of spider parents. Spreading out, are the messier and messier families, lone oddities and a bunch of free flies dangling in front of the outliers of the red spider's web, and myself. Ohh, and above us are the creepier, more detailed blue spiders, *shiiitt*, one's just fallen, scrambling to get up... They're connected to other webs, less familiar to me, some dark red ones, some big creepy corporate ones, enormous fat male spiders in the middle. I landed here, and I am tasked with some fly-dangling for churchweb, else the scary spiders will make the welfare spiders cut me off.

If that, church spiders will pull me in and feed me, or charity spiders (green Hare Krishna spiders, swaying in the trees?) or I will be a lone hunter, or I'll join a new web with all the other outside spiders. There are other webs, countless ones, like the neat, classic small ones with humble returns, like a country farm cottage for spiders, and huntsmans, who have no webs but thrive in artificial human structures, unbeknownst to them. Urban spiders. Funnel web spiders. Antarctic underwater spiders. Jumping spiders. Daddy long legs. Lone redbacks. And so on. Could drop the web and eat fly-like sausage roll crumbs, but might get eaten or stomped on. Just sway on a thread, incomplete web, creating miniature models of webs to show others. Stealth/camo travel. I dunno.

APPREHENSION

I'm nervous that I have said, or threaded wrong things through my zines in the past, in the wrong way. There are wrong threads everywhere. It has been a long time writing this and I would like to get this over with to begin a new zine, a fresh two columns. I have gone somewhere new and, although I don't want this to be a journal – well, I almost did by my apprehension against it was too strong – ah, I also have apprehension against saying that – but I have made it silly by discarding grammar like this – so – so, I mean, I... Perhaps I am only coming to terms with emotions that are mine and about my writing. My silly personal emotions, that is, being simply afraid of something like somebody who is “just not brave enough to write about x” or who “can't handle something”.

-----ah fuck it, culling what comes after this. Culling is another overly fascist seeming thing though, like erasing the past.

It's ironic culling! Some of this shit just volunteers to be culled. It existed awkwardly, anyhow, never a fully defined existence. --- nothing 4 nothing----- cut

-----I naturally seem to arrange my thoughts like I am categorising, documenting somebody else's experience – ah no I don't, not quite – into themes, orders, like 'unemployment', 'insecurity' and other such constructs, and 'day 1', 'day 2', My Holiday. I resist that. Which seems nicely anti-fascist, anti-order.

Well, this is an awkward intro to my holiday, to some other place with Family, where I got on a plane. What do I suppose you would be interested in? I have written a very orderly journal the last time I was here and it is very pleasing to look back on. There is certainly a place for order, for categorisations, but now is not one of them. Need to keep the flow.

Now, where's the actual content here? My slightly unhappy stomach after fast food and too much of the same kind of industrial processed food? Half a dozen of relatives sitting around, the thirteen year old boy derided for idleness (though

he has a paper run), the twenty-three year-old woman questioned about work lots? Explaining how she lost *her* paper run? Well, no value judgements here necessarily, just mild and uncertain ones. It is basically OK here. Customs let the certain medication through, though a drastic reduction in dose is imminent. It seems somewhat deranged having it in a quiet town in my almost centenarian Nanna's house. Something else, is I have been noticing all the bottle shops and there being stores in small towns open until 10pm.

A thought: I should perhaps not emblazon my accomplishments in front of my young nephew. I would prefer that he grow up to think I'm lame than grow up with the impression everybody can do things so easily, if he happens to be lethargic and unsuccessful. Telling and not showing is lame, greedy.

I think that he won't grow up that way, and will be fine, without hearing me saying I am a *writer*, *photographer* or whatever. No myths around that. It was never my natural inclination to claim more prestige and achievement than I have anyhow, like an apprentice or student calling themselves a proper electrician or psychologist etc. An American with Irish ancestry calling themselves Irish.

I think, kids grasp insecure BS. They want to see things for themselves, regardless of talk. It's a bit of a stretch even calling that once a month paper run a job, even. Hollow filler. Rather be honest.

I'm only an idler, if I don't tell what I *do*, though. Ah yep, I'm one of those people who *say* they do important things on the dole, as if they are the rightful stewards of public money.

Ah, BUT, I am excellent at reading the public mood, unlike many 'activists' (AND at least it's not mum & dad's money). Actually nah. BUT, I have evidence of having done things which other people get paid for, and that help other people, in a way so ultimately unrewarding to myself personally that it cannot be called leisure or basic self-responsibility. *Im good, still, see?* OH I will be studying soon. Yes, studying again. This time for a good job, you will see. Yes, I am happy about it. I start very soon. Don't worry.

Anyhow, this thinking has no bearing at all on my nephew, or family, unless it helps me retain belief in personal dignity.

Oh, I didn't tell them about the three days work for the dole/charity and what went through my mind. No, I wouldn't talk about that. Pick a random, interesting thing. I ended up talking about a road trip and how we ran into a couple who saved us who I think, um no they weren't farmers, um one had blue hair, think they were two women who were married.

I will perhaps convince them of benign fragility, that I *do* care, just I am struggling to keep the flow of role-appropriate output, doing it in a hit or miss way. See, at least I bother, you know? And what's their quality control? Catch-ups/change monitoring finishes quick anyhow, life gets more natural.

I am churning out uncertain things here too, but there is a larger, semi-unknown social purpose than my immediate role, an 'art unto itself' as somebody put it. Being nothing.

Think this will be the end of this one.



SOLIDARITY BTW, for the bus strike

Thanks from the small town guest room



